



CUD COMICS  
#5

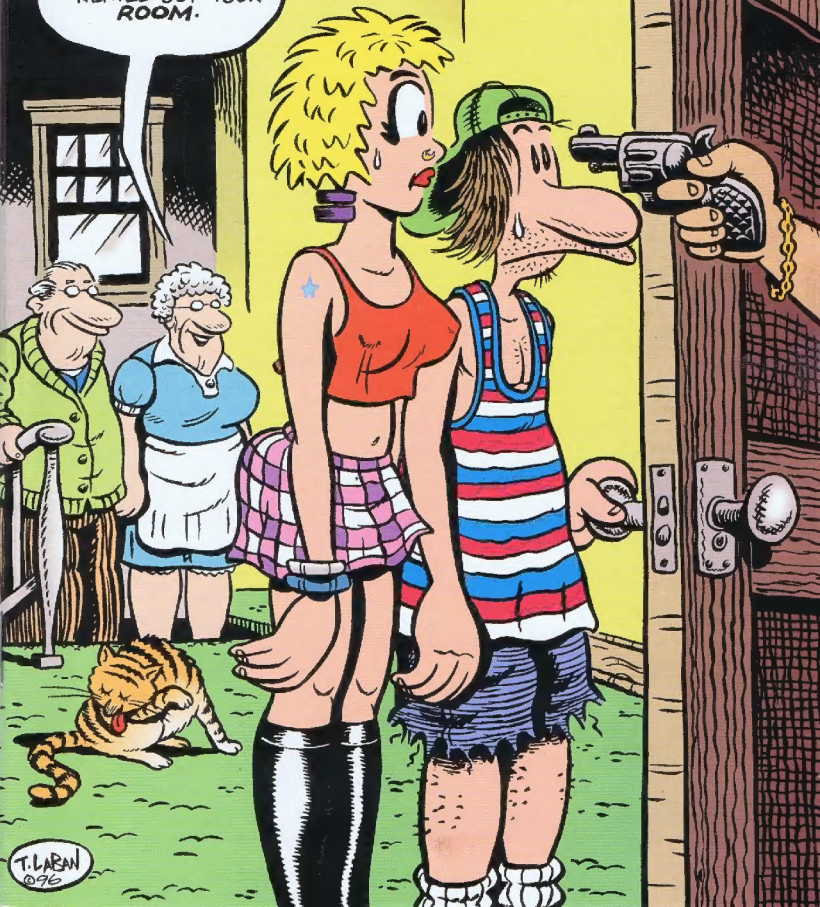
\$2.95 US  
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TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD

COMICS™

SORRY, SON,  
WE FORGOT TO  
**TELL** YOU-- WE  
RENTED OUT YOUR  
ROOM.



T. LABAN  
©96

# TERRY LABAN'S CUD COMICS



I  
ONCE SAW  
ONE OF THOSE  
NATURE DOCUMENTARIES IN  
WHICH A BUNCH OF AFRICANS WERE  
TRYING TO CATCH AN AARDVARK. THEY WERE  
DIGGING AFTER IT AS FAST AS THEY COULD, BUT  
THE AARDVARK WAS DIGGING FASTER, INCREDIBLY FAST,  
THROWING UP CLOUDS OF DIRT IN THEIR FACES, TEARING THROUGH  
THE SOIL AT THE RATE OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE SEVERAL MILES PER HOUR.  
IT COULD'VE EASILY GOTTEN AWAY FROM ONE MAN, BUT THERE WAS A TAG  
TEAM OF THREE OR FOUR. EVENTUALLY IT GOT TIRED, AND SOMEONE  
GRABBED ITS TAIL, PULLED IT OUT, CLUBBED IT, AND, I GUESS, MADE SOUP  
OUT OF IT. AT LEAST TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I WATCHED THAT  
SHOW: I CAN'T ANY LONGER RECALL WHEN OR WHERE I SAW IT, BUT THE  
IMAGE OF THOSE AFRICANS IN THAT PIT, DIGGING FRANTICALLY AMID THE  
FLYING DIRT, HAS STUCK WITH ME AND HAS TAKEN ON A SORT OF MYTHIC  
RESONANCE IN MY MIND. THE AARDVARK HAS COME TO REPRESENT ME, AND  
THE EARTH IS LIFE. I'M DIGGING FRANTICALLY THROUGH IT, IN THE  
PROCESS THROWING OUT WORK LIKE THE AARDVARK'S DIRT IN THE FACES  
OF UNSEEN PURSUERS. I'M GOING FAST, BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS, HOPEFULLY  
NOT SOON, A COSMIC HAND IS GOING TO YANK ME OUT, AND THERE'LL BE ONE  
LESS ANIMAL IN ITS HOLE. BUT I DON'T DWELL ON THAT PART -- IT'S THE  
DIGGING I THINK ABOUT. WHEN I'M REALLY BUSY, I GET THESE VIVID  
FLASHES WHERE PAGES OF COMICS ARE FLYING OUT BEHIND ME, MAKING A  
HUGE MOUND SOMEWHERE ABOVE. AND THE THING CHASING ME ALSO CHANGES  
WITH THE CIRCUMSTANCE -- SOMETIMES IT'S A DEADLINE, OR AN  
APPOINTMENT, ANYTHING THAT REQUIRES ME TO FINISH WHAT I'M DOING  
BEFORE IT HAPPENS. SO, IT'S A PRETTY FLEXIBLE METAPHOR, ONE I FIND  
MYSELF USING A LOT -- MORE, IN FACT, THAN I'D PREFER TO. THAT'S THE  
POINT, ACTUALLY -- IT'S NOT SO MUCH THAT THE IMAGE IS SO PROFOUND,  
IT'S THAT, OUT OF ALL THE OTHER IMAGES I'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO  
IN MY YEARS OF SUCKING UP MEDIA, THAT'S THE ONE I'VE  
LATCHED ONTO. I MEAN, MY LIFE COULD BE EMBODIED  
BY AN EPISODE OF "GUNSMOKE" OR A  
COMMERCIAL FOR MAJOR MATT MASON.  
BUT, NO, FOR ME IT'S A PBS  
NATURE SHOW ABOUT AN  
AARDVARK HUNT. GO  
FIGURE.

BY  
**TERRY  
LABAN**

EDITED BY  
**DIANA  
SCHUTZ**

DESIGN BY  
**JULIE  
GASSAWAY**



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FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS AND DON'T SPARE THE GAS-- IT'S

# ENO AND PLUM

in "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"



WELL-- I GUESS ONE OF US COULD GET A JOB.

HEY, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT THE ONLY DECENT-PAYING JOB MY SKILLS QUALIFY ME FOR IS BLOWING TRUCKERS UNDER THE I-90 EXIT RAMP!

OH, YOU CAN DO MORE THAN THAT!

NOT WITHOUT GETTING AIDS. LOOK, LET'S NOT PANIC-- IF WE CAN'T SPONGE OFF YOUR FAMILY, MAYBE WE CAN SPONGE OFF MINE.

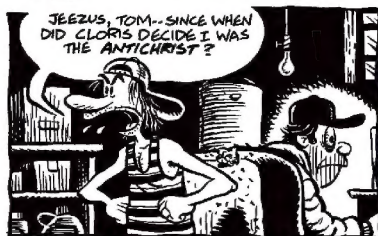
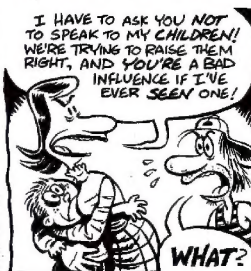
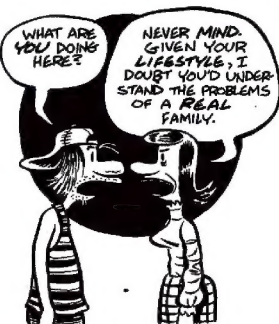
I THOUGHT YOUR FOLKS WERE BROKE!

PLUM, IT MAY BE HARD FOR YOU TO BELIEVE, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE TO LOVE YOUR KIDS! AS LONG AS THEY HAVE A HOME, THERE'LL BE A PLACE FOR US IN IT!















MOM, COULD I BE EXCUSED? I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY.

JENNIFER, YOUR GRANDMA WORKED HARD TO MAKE YOU DINNER, AND YOU'LL EAT EVERY BIT OF IT!



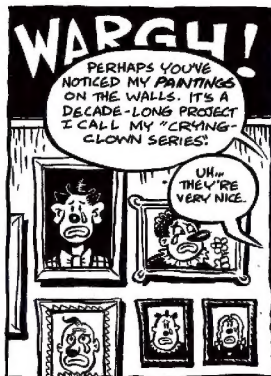
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CLORIS.

NO, IT ISN'T. JASON, TIE YOUR SISTER TO THE CHAIR.



NO! MOM-- NO!!! HWAHK!

ER-- PLUM...



**WARGH!**

PERHAPS YOU'VE NOTICED MY PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS. IT'S A DECADE-LONG PROJECT I CALL MY "CRYING-CLOWN SERIES."

UH-- THEY'RE VERY NICE.



STOP THAT NOISE, YOU LITTLE FAKER!

THANKS. I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND POSING FOR ME? I THINK YOU'D BE THE PERFECT MODEL FOR SOME IDEAS I'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME NOW.

NOT AT ALL. LET'S GO.



**URUK!**

SAY, SON-- MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO HELP ME DO THE DISHES.

UH-- OK.



GEE, MOM-- I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT PARENTHOOD OR ANYTHING, BUT ISN'T CLORIS A LITTLE HARD ON THOSE KIDS?

CHOKES!

SIGH-- I GUESS. BUT SHE'S UNDER A LOT OF STRESS RIGHT NOW. SHE'D JUST GOTTEN OVER LOSING EVERYTHING THEY OWNED WHEN TOM WAS ARRESTED FOR STALKING THE MAN WHO MANAGES THE CUBS.



YIPES! THAT GUY NEEDS HELP!

I KNOW. WE HAVE MANAGED TO GET HIM INTO AN INEXPENSIVE THERAPY PROGRAM, WITH THE HELP OF MY SECOND JOB.

WHAT SECOND JOB?



I GET PAID TO LET THEM DO EXPERIMENTS ON ME DOWN AT THE UNIVERSITY!

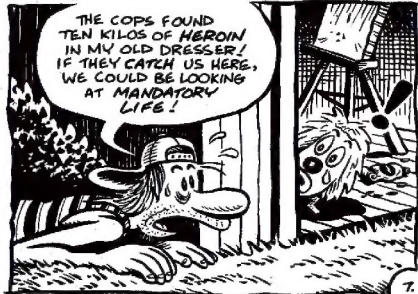
I CALL THIS MY \$500\*\* TUMOR.

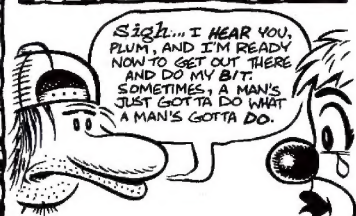
GOOD GOD! ARE YOU INSANE?





MEANWHILE...





**FEW WEEKS LATER...**





# LETTERS

Dear Eno and Terry —

Most of the time I read the average superhero comic book, but lately at my work it has been quite stressful. I have taken the time to read some of the *Cud* books — and talk about hilarious! The recent *Cud #4* was able to take me from a down mood and lift up my spirits considerably. The answer to stress is not to hit the bottle but to pick up a *Cud* comic!

Paul Dale Roberts  
Sacramento, CA

*Actually, the answer is to do both.*

Terry —

I think what I like best about *Cud* and the dear, departed *Unsupervised Existence* (sniff) are all the little bits of junk and detail, wadded up Kleenexes, flowers, TV antennas, and red-nosed cats that clutter up the background. Whew!

I can't help but wonder who TerryL1 and TerryL2 are.

Ranjit Bhatnagar  
ranjit@gradient.cis.edu

*TerryL1 was a water vendor in eighteenth-century Izmir, and TerryL2 was a goat.*

Hey, Terry —

I'm a big fan of your work — but primarily of pieces like "Mickey Pimple, Teen Adventurer." That one made me laugh out loud constantly. Your gift for creating hilarious secondary characters

rivals Dave Sim's. But, oddly enough, I think your weakest area is "typical" underground comix material.

Eno and Plum clearly belong in a story where the situation itself is the star, because I feel neither are developed personalities. Eno and Plum are not "characters" in the sense that Homer Simpson, Buddy Bradley, George Costanza (!), or even Jughead are characters. With those people, you can predict how they'll react in situations based on their psychology. But beyond being a "typical male" and a "typical X-er," what is unique about Eno?

If you're trying to pitch your work to X-ers, I think you're making a mistake. Why not target those of us who graduated high school in 1978? We're really under-represented, and I think that's where you could really shine.

S.A.King  
nakedeye@sky.net

*Gosh, S.A., what can I say? Until I read your thoughtful letter, I never realized how neglected the class of '78 was in our popular culture. Hopefully, it won't be long before you and those who graduated with you will be reading exciting tales of your fascinating cohort in the pages of this well-intentioned, if flawed, comic book.*

Hi, Terry —

When I first picked up *Cud Comics*, I thought: "Cool! A new, weird underground

comic." But the more I got into reading, the more Eno and Plum and co. resembled my friends. I was with a few of them today, eating Chinese. They started talking about how they heard somebody who called one of the talk shows saying he worked for Subway and admitting to jerking off on the salami. (Would you like mayo with that?) There's this family next to us who must have come from church, since they were praying at their table at the time. One of them must've looked at us crossly, because Alison said, "Look at her! She's getting off on it!"

I said, "Can we go now?"  
Eric Searle  
warpig@nando.net

*We're outta here, Eric, and we're not going to Subway. But, first, I'd like to tell all the folks out there in Cud-land who are jonesin' for more T. LaBan to check out my new creator-owned miniseries from DC/Vertigo, **The Unseen Hand**. A ripping, four-part tale of a former frat boy's efforts to dodge a worldwide conspiracy his father used to help run, it features a healthy dollop of the dark satire for which I'm justly acclaimed and a conclusion that'll make you think twice before joining your local militia to fight One World Government. The second issue should be out by the time you read this — if you're still in the store, grab it before you leave!*

Terry LaBan, PO Box 607056, Chicago, IL 60660

Or meet me in cyberspace at TerryL3@aol.com

All letters become my property, and I reserve the right to edit them any way I darn please.

# MOST GIRLS Like MY MICK

A TALE OF LONG AGO BY TERRY LABAN © 1896



SOON







# TNIGHT



THE AUTHOR **ITS**

# DEADLINE



Terry LaBan, action hero cartoonist, pushed thirty cartridges into the magazine of his fully automatic .45 caliber Vagabond 022 and slid it into place with a satisfying metallic "click." Tucking his pistol under his arm, he walked at the attentive young woman at his side.

"That it's dinner at eight, baby," he said, and leapt off the ledge, swinging in a space twenty stories above the city streets, the bullets from the terrorist's machine gun screaming toward him through the air, thick as mosquitoes after a rain.

He'd been working hard to meet the deadline, had driven downtown with only a half an hour to go till the Art Director was going home, and was almost to the office when he ran into the police roadblock.

"I'm sorry, sir," said an obviously harassed policeman, "but we've had to close off this section of the Loop. Terrorists have occupied the Horstwessel Building and have taken everybody hostage."

If it had been any other building, he might have turned back, but the top three floors of the Horstwessel Building were occupied by the very patronage

for which he'd been laboring so hard to finish his illustration. He knew he couldn't let a bunch of thugs stop him to sit on his project for even longer — at worse, delay it prevent him from getting paid.

He nodded at the cop, went back to his car, and then the trunk took the portfolio containing the art, his Vagabond, a small .387 Young and Unsupervised Magnum, 300 rounds of ammunition, the combat knife with the nine-inch blade, and some



ropes. At the black water again, he pulled out the top he'd spoken with, kneeling was cold, and temporarily disabled another with a justice chop to the crotch. It was too bad, he thought as he jogged around the corner, but they'd only waste valuable time negotiating with those scumbags.

A host of questions met him as he neared the main entrance of the Horst, and he relied to the shelter of a newspaper box. Dodging what appeared to be a shoulder-fired grenade, he dove into the lobby of the Lager Center across the

## MY BACK PAGES

Love's not a  
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chronicle, but different.  
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street. LaBan ran through the empty lobby, dodging the shattered remains of pitted pulps and shuddered neo-expressionist art, toward the elevators. He cursed when he found they didn't work. With a blast from his Vespene, LaBan took a hole in the ceiling and slid down the rubble to the twentieth floor.

Looking out a window, he could clearly see the terrorists in the offices across the way, pointing guns at the heads of the editors and scanning the streets below. LaBan grinned — they were in for a big surprise.



He quietly threw the grappling hook at the end of the rope onto the roof of the hotel and made sure it was anchored firmly. He was just about to jump when he heard a softening voice say, "Excuse me — are you here to help?"

He watched as an attractive young woman emerged from the shadows, shyly adjusting her hair and holding together her torn dress.

"I was in the bathroom when they evacuated," she said, her voice a mix-

ture of fear and hope. "I sure hope you're going to get me out of here!"

LaBan grinned.

"If I do," he asked roughly, "will you let me take you to dinner?"

She smiled — a brave, wry smile that made him happy he'd come.

"It's a date," she replied.

He was wondering if she liked Japanese food when he hit the window, plate glass breaking around him like a wave. The terrorists in the main office barely had time to curse in their barbaric tongue before the flood of lead that poured from the hot muzzle of his gun reduced them to ugly tangles of meat and entrails. He'd moved to unto the editors when another wave came charging from the coffee-break room. With satisfaction, he watched as his Yeats and Grimsby tore baseball-sized holes in their heads and torsos.

"There's one more!" he cried a copy editor, "and he's got it!"

LaBan found him in the washroom, trembling in a stall, his rifle pointed at the Art Director's head. With a wolfish grin, LaBan shoved his pistol in his belt and pulled his knife out of his boot. Staring into the terrorist's lower abdomen, he cut a long gash with the saw-toothed edge to the area of the adam's apple.

"Here's for art, Ed," he chuckled, "right on time."

That night, gazing at his new friend over a sushi platter, LaBan congratulated himself on a job well done. He felt more certain than he did after most jobs that, sometime soon, they'd call him again.

—Allyett/Seaman

# ORIGINAL ART!



Own a piece of the *Cud*. Every page a master piece, signed by the masters. Score pages from the *Photography Cud* and *Unsuper-sixed Existence* also available. Inquire today.

Terry LaBan, PO Box 607056, Chicago, IL 60660

Or the cyber-space site online, Terry.La@aol.com



THE AUTHOR IN

# SPARKY

AND ME by TERRY LABAN 96





OH, NO! THE FACT THAT YOUR CHARACTERS ARE SO PURELY IMAGINARY ONLY MAKES THEIR DEEP EMOTIONAL AUTHENTICITY ALL THE MORE REMARKABLE. THESE CLASSIC STRIPS FROM THE LATE '60S ARE AS MOVING AND INSIGHTFUL AS THE DAY THEY WERE PUBLISHED!



YEP, THOSE WERE THE DAYS. ACTUALLY, I'M DOING A CARTOON ON ONE OF THOSE SAME THEMES TODAY, 30 YEARS LATER.

WADDAYA THINK?



Uhh... BRILLIANT!

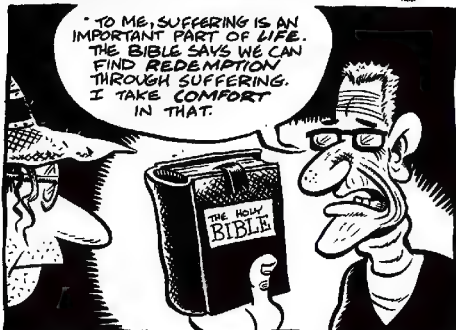
NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S BADLY DRAWN AND IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

SNATCH!

THE FACT IS, NO ONE CARES WHAT'S IN "GROUND-NUTS" THESE DAYS. PEOPLE HAVEN'T READ MY STRIP IN YEARS.

IT'S NOTHING NOW BUT A COLLECTION OF CUTE, INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE, ICONS THAT ADD SALES APPEAL TO EVERYTHING FROM SNACK CAKES TO GAS.





WHAT'S AMAZING IS HOW LITTLE WORK SO DEEPLY PERSONAL IS REFLECTED IN HIS ACTUAL LIFE. YOU'D THINK HE'D USE HIS RESOURCES TO TRY AND SATISFY HIS FRUSTRATIONS AND INSECURITIES, BUT NO--HE MAINTAINS A DEEP HUMILITY AND SIMPLE FAITH.



OH, SHIT! I'VE BEEN SPACING OUT! IS THIS THE DOOR HE WAS TALKING ABOUT?



OMIGOD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

CREAK!

A WHOLE ROOMFUL OF LITTLE RED-HAIRED GIRLS!!



AND SO...

I CAN'T EVER MAKE SENSE OF "GROUNDNUTS"!

IT'S LIKE THOSE 3D COMPUTER PICTURES-- YOU HAVE TO STARE AT IT AWHILE.





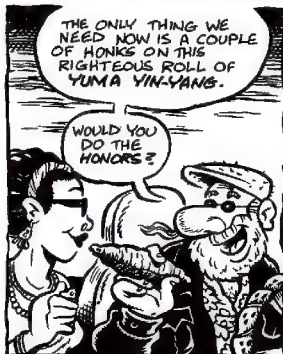
# PLUM'S DAD, SEYMOUR SILVERSTEIN

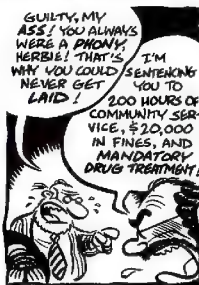
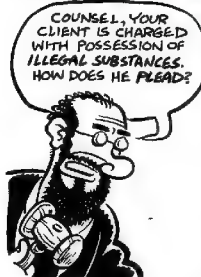
IN: "ARE WE RECOVERING YET?"

MY DEAR, I'LL NEVER  
LOVE A CAR AS MUCH AS  
THE VW MICROBUS I DROVE IN  
THE '60S. BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT,  
THIS PORSCHE CONVERTIBLE  
HAS ITS CHARMS!



by  
TERRY  
LABAN  
©96



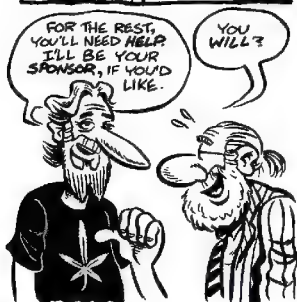
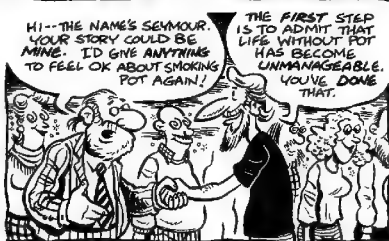
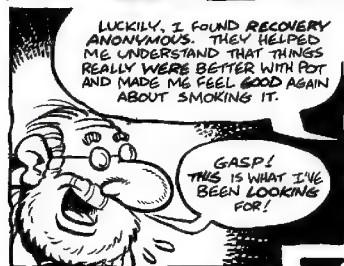


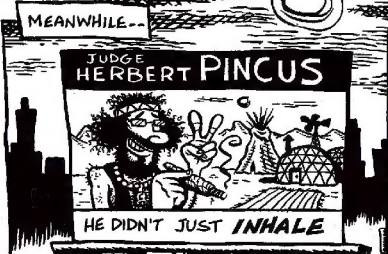
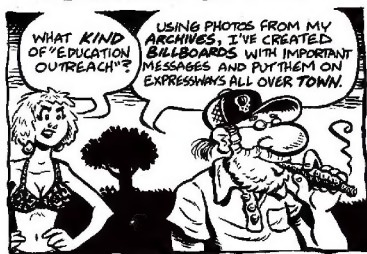
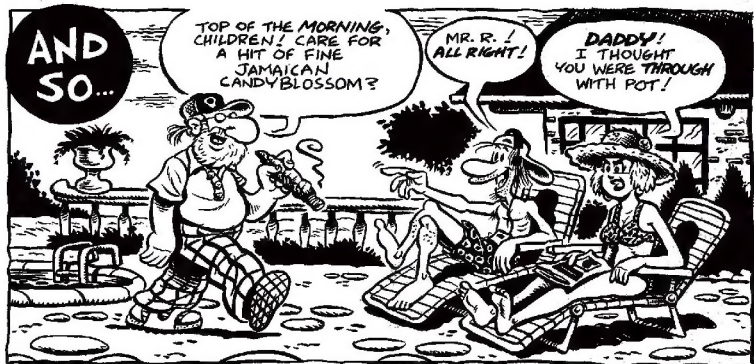




BUT, WITHIN A FEW MONTHS...









# PLAYGUNS

**Shake!** (\$3.50 from Rocco Entertainment Group, PO Box 14781, Chicago, IL 60614-0781) Oh, boy! The folks at the organization formerly known as Rocco Comics, best known for such Xeroxed oddities as *Hamster Man*, have decided to give *Motorbooty* a run for its money, and, by golly, they do! **Shake!** is a big, matte-colored, offset-printed, 54-page magazine, and the first issue includes media-coup interviews with Robert Crumb and Keanu Reeves; a scary, well-written story on a male prostitute; and, best of all, a substantial article on former Chicagoan Hugh Hefner, which is larded with gossip about how boring those famous parties at the mansion actually were and what animals Hef liked to have around besides Bunnies. And to top it off is a bee-yootiful, full-color center spread by comics and *Hustler* illustrator Alex Wald of the top Playboy in the all-together. There's lots more besides — I hope these guys keep it up, but, whatever happens, I say the first issue of this puppy rules, and I mean the universe, not just your little town.

**Jape #5** (.50 from 1521 Hubbard #4, Detroit, MI 48209) Yeah, it's just a 4"-by-5½" Xerox mini with a staple in the middle, and, yeah, I've given Sean Bieri space on my reviews page before. But I guess I just gotta plug him again, seeing as how he's created one of the more brilliant pieces of comic-strip parody I've seen in a long, long time — namely, a version of the New Testament that looks as if it were a Popeye strip by E.C. Segar, with you-know-who as Jesus. It's hilarious, even if you haven't spent hours pondering the Great Man's work. The only bummer is that, in this format, no one will ever see it. Except you, if you get busy under your car seat and start scrounging up the change. Believe me, it'd be worthwhile at three times the price.

**TV Grind** (\$3.00 from TV Grind, PO Box 14043, Chicago, IL 60614)

Dean Williams, best known to comics fans as the perpetrator of the late, lamented *Butt Biscuit*, is putting out this shockingly intellectual little zine about, you guessed it, television. Well produced, with color on the covers, it's chock-full of articles, which, among other things, compare the structure of "**Three's Company**" with Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and analyze which of the Seven Deadly Sins each of the characters on "**Gilligan's Island**" represents. If that sounds too heady for you, there're cartoons by the likes of Dennis Worden and Mark Newgarden, and the cover of #3 features an "I can die now" photo of "Ginger" actress Tina Louise in a see-through negligée. Oh, mama! Highly recommended.

**Keyhole** (\$3.00 from Millennium Publications, 1602 South Road, Kingston, RI 02881) Josh Neufeld and Dean Haspiel's comic is a full-sized, big production number. The work runs for the most part to the autobiographical, but it's still pretty good, particularly the first story, a tale of Neufeld and his girlfriend's decidedly untouristy trip through a cave in Thailand. They don't much like it, which is a pity, since Asia is teeming with backpack-schlepping, adventurer wannabes who'd give their eyeteeth for this kind of "authentic" experience. There's a lot more, too, including some strips by Haspiel about being rejected by Harvey Pekar for *American Splendor*. I don't know why — he's better than most of the people Pekar uses.

**40 Grand at 23** (.75 from Mike Weiss and Lisa Ruffman Weiss, Box 178, Milltown, NJ 08850) This mini doesn't look like much, but I found its story of an upwardly mobile dickhead who ends up eating crow strangely satisfying. It's probably because there're about a million people on whom I wish the same fate, but the ones I know just keep doing better and better all the time. Oh, well.

Send 'em to:

**Terry LaBan, PO Box 607056, Chicago, IL 60660**



